

*Baccalaureate Activities*

**JOHN B. STETSON UNIVERSITY**  
**DE LAND, FLORIDA**



**BACCALAUREATE**  
**SUNDAY**

**MAY 25, 1913**



**BACCALAUREATE SERMON**  
**LINCOLN HULLEY, PH.D., LITT.D., LL.D.**  
**AUDITORIUM, 11:00 A. M.**

**EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY SERMON**  
**REV. CLIFFORD A. OWENS**  
**BAPTIST CHURCH**  
**7:30 P. M.**

## ORDER OF SERVICE

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ORGAN PRELUDE—March Religieuse - *Guilmant*

DOXOLOGY—Congregation standing.

INVOCATION—

HYMN—How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!

SCRIPTURE READING—

SOLO—How long wilt Thou forget me! - *Speaks*

PRAYER—Rev. William J. Harkness, Ph.D.

ANTHEM—The King of Love - - - *Shelley.*

BACCALAUREATE SERMON—

COLLECTION—

HYMN—Beneath the cross of Jesus I fain would take  
my stand.

BENEDICTION—

POSTLUDE—Laus Deo - - - *Dubois*

## ***How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord!***

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(HYMN No. 180 CHAPEL SONG BOOK)  
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How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!  
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!  
What more can He say, than to you He hath said,  
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,  
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to  
stand,  
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!

***Beneath the Cross of Jesus I Fain Would  
Take My Stand***

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(HYMN NO. 64 CHAPEL SONG BOOK)

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Beneath the cross of Jesus  
I fain would take my stand  
The shadow of a mighty Rock  
Within a weary land;  
A home within the wilderness,  
A rest upon the way  
From the burning of the noon-tide heat,  
And the burden of the day.

Upon that cross of Jesus  
Mine eye at times can see  
The very dying form of One  
Who suffered there for me;  
And from my smitten heart with tears  
Two wonders I confess,—  
The wonders of His glorious love  
And my own worthlessness.

I take, O cross, thy shadow  
For my abiding-place;  
I ask no other sunshine than  
The sunshine of His face;  
Content to let the world go by,  
To know no gain nor loss,  
My sinful self my only shame,  
My glory all the cross.